

HIS BLESSED DAMOZEL

By ISOLA FORRESTER.

Creston discovered the little book on the lower left hand shelf in the back of the shop. He had been hunting a second-hand copy of "Vieux Paris," and here on top of the dusty calf-bound folios lay the fragile, fragrant volume.

It was fragrant. He lifted it cautiously to his face. The soft hand-tooled, fawn leather was odorous with some indefinable scent that stole along the nerves and stirred old dreams. Creston half closed his eyes and thought of wide desert reaches and a little purple silhouette of moving camels against the golden sky.

He stood a moment, crushing it irresistibly in his hand, rolling the velvet leather, feeling the exquisite texture of the paper, running his eyes over the old familiar lines,

"The Blessed Damozel leaned out,
From the gold bar of heaven."

How under the light of Manhattan's sky had Rosetti's ethereal lady of the deep blue found her way on those huge dusty architectural tomes in Tucker's bookshop?

"Er-Tucker, you might put this in with the rest," Creston remarked quite casually, when he had finished his selections.

Old Tucker glanced sidelong from the book he was enjoying.

"That one, Mr. Creston?" he asked, sitting up suddenly.

"This little book of Rosetti selections."

"Not for sale," returned Tucker.

"The book does not belong to me." Creston looked at the inner blank leaf. It bore a name, "Wanda Philippa." It sang in his brain as he went out.

Every time he came back to the shop he found the little book in its place on top of Nuremberg etchings and old Munich studies. And each time he held it, he would look at the name and turn the pages over with a curious thrill of expectancy.

"How long will you wait for her to come back?" he asked one day.

Tucker glanced up sharply as if someone had broken a lock on a very private drawer in his life.

"She may come any day," he told him gruffly. "It stays there until she does."

"I would be willing to return it to her if you know where she lives?"

Tucker considered the request, stroking his white beard thoughtfully.

Suddenly the old fellow tilted his head to one side and chuckled.

"She left in a tin, Mr. Creston. She had been dropping in here off and on for a year, picking up one book after another. One day I found that volume of Rosetti and it seemed to belong to her. The day she left it, she came to sell me back two or three books, and I would not take them."

"You've wasted time waiting for her to come back. Tell me where she lives, and I will take the book back. Let me take the book with me now."

"Take it," said Tucker, slowly.

Creston went down Lexington avenue straight towards his own home square. But it is a curious square. One short block makes all the difference in its caste environment. Creston occupied a very comfortable bachelor suite on its south side. The old studio building was east of Third avenue.

He was bending over the narrow line of name plates at the press buttons when he caught the scent, and turned. She was slipping her key into the lock of the door, a slender girl with a mass of wind-blown reddish hair, and an eager, ivory white face. It was his Blessed Damozel with New York snow flakes on her little fur toque, and even in the narrow marble vestibule he knew that faint fragrance that had clung about the little book. He drew it from his coat pocket and held it out to her.

"Oh, where did you get it?" Just the least emphasis on the pronoun.

"Mr. Tucker was certain you had been ill, or you would have come for it."

"He sent you with it?" He liked the little ring of challenge in the tone of this. "I thought I had lost it somewhere else."

"I tried to buy it from the old man, but he would not sell of course," he stumbled on recklessly. "You see it is a very rare little book. I wanted to copy one or two bits from it if I might. I would return it soon."

She held it out to him quickly.

"If you are a friend of Mr. Tucker's, I don't mind."

"I am a friend," said Creston, gravely, "and more, I am your neighbor. I live just over in Gramercy park."

"You might mail it," she suggested.

"I don't want to mail it."

Tucker hardly seemed to notice either of them the next day. He sat hunched behind a newly discovered treasure while they talked.

"The book is up in my den, Tucker, and so is she. We were married yesterday."

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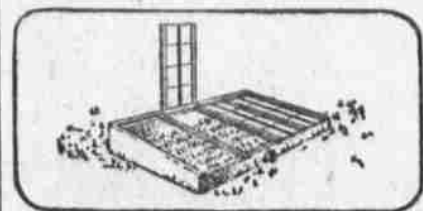
**1543 Broadway
New York City**

TO BUILD CONCRETE HOTBED

Concise Directions Given for Form-Sash Bed Which Can Be Extended to Any Length.

We referred recently to the concrete hotbeds now built by florists and vegetable growers. The following directions are given for a four-sash bed, which of course could be extended to any length desired. A standard hotbed sash is three by six feet. Lay out the bed six feet eight inches wide by 21 feet 10 inches long. The concrete walls are six inches thick. Dig the foundation trenches two feet six inches deep within the lines given above. Make forms of one-inch lumber to carry the south (front) wall six inches and the north (back) wall 14 inches above ground, says the Rural New Yorker. Forms are not required below ground level. The tops of the end walls slope to the others. Before filling the forms with concrete test the dimensions of the bed by means of the sash. See that the sash lap the forms two inches on all sides.

Mix the concrete mushy wet in the proportion of one bag of cement to 2½ cubic feet of sand to five cubic feet of crushed rock, or one bag of cement to five cubic feet of bank-run gravel. Fill the forms without stopping for anything. Tie the walls together at the corners by laying in them old iron rods bent to right angle.



Frame Grooved for Sash.

gles. While placing the concrete set ¼ inch bolts about two feet apart to hold the wooden top-framing of the bed to the concrete; or make grooves in the top of the concrete for counter-sinking the sash to the level of the walls with an allowance of one-quarter inch for clearance. This can be done by temporarily imbedding in the concrete wooden strips of the necessary dimensions. During this operation, by means of blocks nailed to the strips, make provision for the center bars described below. Remove the strips as soon as the concrete stiffens. Take down the forms after five days. The extra 2½ inches in length of the bed is allowance for the three center bars between the sash. These sash supports are of dressed one-inch stuff, shaped like a capital "T" turned upside down. The length of the stem of the "T" is equal to the thickness of the sash and the top is three inches wide. Sufficient materials for the concrete will be supplied by 14 bags of cement, 1½ cubic yards of sand and 2½ cubic yards of crushed rock; or 14 bags of cement and 2½ yards of pit gravel at a cost of \$10.

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PAYS TO FERTILIZE MEADOW

Increase in the Yield of Hay Estimated From Three-Quarters to One Ton Per Acre.

Several years ago when cutting hay next to a patch of wheat in the same field, i. e., there was no fence between. I noticed that the hay adjoining the wheat was much heavier in widths of a drill than elsewhere, writes F. P. Gerlach in the Michigan Farmer; in fact, there was so much difference that I began to study out the reason, which explained itself simply enough.

In drilling the wheat the fall before with 250 pounds of 2:8:2 fertilizer per acre, and running the drill out on the meadow, there would be from two to four feet of meadow fertilized while in going back the drill would not be set in gear until at the edge of the wheat field, consequently every other width of the drill would show a marvelous difference in the grass.

This set me to thinking that it would be a good investment to fertilize meadows, and the following fall I fertilized five acres with the same result, raising the disks and drilling the fertilizer over the top, and since then we have been doing so, and I am satisfied we harvest from three-quarters to one ton of hay per acre more where we use the fertilizer. The fertilizer can be sown late in the fall before the snow covers the ground, or in the early spring.

Will Vote on Local Option.

Petitions for a local option election in Monroe county this spring are being circulated and numerous signed. More than the required number of names has already been secured, so the election is practically an assured fact. Those interested in the matter say the temperance forces will profit by the lessons learned in the last campaign when, in spite of many mistakes, the result was in doubt until the last precinct gave the county to the wets by a very slender majority. They claim the local option sentiment is stronger today than ever before and confidently predict a decisive victory. A peculiar feature of the last election was that two of the three townships in which saloons are located voted dry by good majorities while the third, in which Paris is located, went wet by only two votes. Another surprise came when precincts which had not only suppressed the liquor business but had made it impossible for a drug store to do business at all, rolled up a heavy wet vote. The dries claim this was due to the impression that the general road fund profited by the money paid to the county for license when, on the contrary, it went entirely to districts in which saloons were located. By calling attention to this fact, they claim they will capture many votes which otherwise would go into the wet column. As matters now stand, the outlook for the local optionists is probably more favorable than ever before.—Appeal.

Boston Ball Player Here.
C. D. Thomas came in Friday

from Sharon, Kansas, for a short visit with relatives and friends. Ches as he is probably better known, has certainly "made good" in baseball. When he left here he went to Portland, where he played with the California State League in 1908. The seasons of 1909-10, he was with Oakland, of the Pacific Coast League. He was drafted by the Boston Red Sox and sent to Sacramento for the season of 1911. He caught 164—a record—and batted 277. At the end of 1911 he was recalled by Boston and was with that club through 1912, being one of the lucky one who participated in the division of the winners receipts for the world's championship. He says the Red Sox will train at Hot Springs this season.—Shelbina Torchlight.

SALESMEN WANTED to look after our interest in Monroe and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Address The Victor Oil Company, Cleveland, O.

Citizens of Mexico are making an attempt to lower the insurance rates. By investigations they learn that the companies are adding on 15 cents on the hundred dollars in that city because the companies are forced to pay the city a special license. Parties owning insurance are forced to pay many times more than the license amounts to, because the city collects the license. It might be well for our people to look into the matter.—Perry Enterprise.

For Sale—A large coal stove. Inquire at Democrat.

See that fancy blotting paper at the Democrat.